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THIRTEEN YEARS OF WASTE. Just thirteen years ago—to be exact, in November, 1895—a letter appeared in the Richmond Dispatch urging the necessity of taking immediate steps to preserve the oysters of Virginia. The correspondent of the Dispatch was especially interested in the fact that Connecticut had already begun giving its oyster more efficient care than the Virginia bottoms were receiving. However, like many another prophet of evil, the correspondent of the Dispatch went unheard, and to-day the oyster business is practically destroyed for the tongs in the James River, while in Connecticut, it is stated by the "Oysterman," one big planter will plant more oysters on his private grounds than will be planted in the whole State of Virginia. This failure to plant by Virginia speaks not lack of courage or industry, but simply lack of seed oysters. For years disinterested onlookers have urged the Legislature and the Board of Fisheries to take immediate steps for the opening of grounds for planting. In every instance the reply has been that plenty of grounds were open, and that the sole object of such requests was to rob the tongs for the benefit of rich corporations. The Times-Dispatch during the session of the last Legislature replied to this argument by saying that the tongs were dependent upon work on oyster bottoms for his living, and that it made little difference to him whether the oysters grew uncultivated on the public lands or were the direct result of private planting, so long as the tongs received steady employment at good wages. And this paper further urged that it was a matter of supreme importance for the tongs himself to see to it that the source from which he earned his livelihood was not destroyed. These appeals were unheeded. The arguments were either not believed, or were wantonly disregarded, for they were assuredly not acted upon. The State Board of Fisheries proclaimed that all it needed was more money, which it received, and the result has been that the oyster business of this State is greatly damaged and its future in grave peril. No doubt the men who have from early youth earned their livelihood from the oyster beds can either leave the rivers or still eke out a precarious living by cutting hoop poles or raising potatoes, but the question has not yet been answered why, with the example of Connecticut, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Texas and Louisiana before it, and with the clear demonstration of the inadequacy of its own laws, the State of Virginia, through its Governor and Legislature, has persisted in so destructive a policy with regard to the preservation of its oyster bottoms.

ROOSEVELT—IN 1904 AND 1908. In one of the most interesting of his recent campaign manifestos, Mr. Roosevelt speaks with the most indignant contempt of "the sinister moneyed interests"—those men who were behind Mr. Foraker, the opponent of Mr. Taft within his own party, and who now are behind Governor Haskell and his associates in the opposite party. In a later paroxysm of virtue, he said: "I regard it as a scandal and a disgrace that Governor Haskell should be connected in any way with the management of any national campaign." To the unthinking and the short-memory among our Republican friends, these observations have doubtless appeared impressive and altogether magnificent. Yet others, more thoughtful, will hesitate to accept Mr. Roosevelt at his own valuation, as the apostle of self-abnegating independence, the bitter foe of the corporate influence in politics, the uncompromising exterminator of the tainted campaign. Four years ago next month E. H. Harriman raised \$250,000 in behalf of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign for re-election, through which sum, Mr. Harriman says, "50,000 votes were turned in the city of New York alone." Harriman performed this service at the special request of the President of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt's political correspondence this year, vivid as it is, is not to be compared in interest with that of 1904. The famous letter to My Dear Harriman will always bear reprinting. Now, my dear sir, you and I are practical men, and you are on the ground and know the conditions better than I do. If you think there is any danger of your visit to me causing trouble or if you think there is anything special I should be informed about, or no matter in which I could give aid and comfort, give up the pen.

Excursions in Finance. In their various excursions into the field of financial discussion, Messrs. Royall, A. F. Thomas and B. C. Moomaw have served the good purpose of directing in an interesting and forceful way the attention of the public to our present system of banking. The United States, in terms of money, is the richest country in the world. The latest comparative reports show that the United States possessed nearly \$200,000,000,000 of money, as against less than \$800,000,000 for Great Britain, and less than \$120,000,000 for Germany, our nearest competitor being France, with nearly \$1,600,000,000. These amounts of money gave an average circulation of \$1.66 for our country, which was only exceeded by 35.22, the average per capita circulation of France. It seemed, then, in 1904, at the time these figures were prepared, that any violent panic for lack of money was a practical impossibility. The panic of 1907 came, however, but not because there was an insufficient amount of currency in the country. The trouble was a lack of courage. Now, had all the banks in 1907 mutually guaranteed each other's deposits, the terror and affright of the depositors would have been greatly reduced. It is even possible that such runs as were experienced by the Knickerbocker Trust Company and other great banks in New York, and the consequent shattering of confidence in outlying districts, would not have arisen in the same degree. But it is not possible for any system of governmental or mutual guarantee to prevent a feeling of distrust and alarm on the part of depositors whenever a real panic develops in this country as a result of overtrading, because of the small ratio of gold maintained in this country. In Great Britain the ratio of gold to total currency is 70, or, rather, was in 1904; in France, 62.12; in Germany, 66.10; in Russia, 87.71; in Austria-Hungary, 68.90, and in America, 44.9. Now gold is the basis of the world's currency, and when through any excitement or visionary dream the public undertakes to overstrain its credit, there must inevitably come a time when a desire to get hold of the actual money itself will arise. The greater the overtrading the more acute the panic, or, in other words, the more deep-seated the desire to get the real basic token of wealth. As a means of assuring the depositor of the safety of his money and of encouraging that frugality and strength which systematic saving alone can give, the theory of governmental inspection, or even mutual guarantee by banks of each other's deposits, is sound, but it is a mere dream to believe that this or any other legislative enactment will prevent loss or render panics impossible. So long as men overstrain their credit, reaction is bound to come, and no bank guarantee can prevent the working of that natural law.

BASEBALL. Frank de Haas Robinson, baseball magnate and fan, owner of the St. Louis Nationals and former owner of the Cleveland Nationals, fell dying at the telephone on hearing that the Washington American team, scoring five runs in the last inning, had beaten Cleveland on Friday. Some 30,000 excited people saw the New York-Chicago series a few days earlier in the week, and 20,000 of them swarmed on the field with homicidal intent when an umpire cast doubt on the validity of New York's winning run. The two incidents help to show the intense interest now exhibited in the work of the top-notchers in the two major leagues. The closing days of a season are apt to be more or less fast and furious. The glory of securing the coveted pennant and the more practical lure of a share in the handsome dividends of the post-season series spur all teams with even a fighting chance to their mightiest efforts. But hardly ever have the devotees witnessed a closer finish than is offered them just now. Yesterday, a bare six points separated Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago in the American League. St. Louis, only ten points behind Chicago, is hardly less promising. In the National League, New York and Chicago were literally neck and neck, New York leading by the negligible margin of one point. Baseball has only five points over Pittsburgh. No wonder that excitement mounts at the baseball parks till umpires sprint for their lives and platoons of bluecoats are required to subdue the tempestuous bleachers. Baseball is truly the national game, and there are no other claimants. A newspaper headline yesterday announced that "100,000 people want to see Yale-Harvard football game," and this is very likely true. A million people would like to see New York and Chicago play their fight out to a finish. The football clientele is the class, but baseball belongs to the masses. A Yale-Harvard match comes only once a year. If it came every day, as league baseball does, it wouldn't draw as much of a crowd to fill a subway train. Football, in short, is not the game for which very young America elects to play hockey and to which it consecrates its teeth and leg-bones. It lacks those qualities which cause kind, quiet business men to lose their reason, jump and froth at the mouth like maniacs and implore to be given a chance at Mr. Emslie or Mr. "Slick" O'Loughlin. Here in Richmond, the shouting and the tumult has died, and the season's finale was glorious. We have the pen-

Amateur teams from Winchester may come along and trounce us unmercifully from time to time, but we have the pennant.

"THE BLESSED DEAD." (Selected for The Times-Dispatch.) "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv, 13. It was a voice from heaven which uttered this benediction. It needed a voice from heaven in those days to convince them that the dead were blessed. And the Apocalypse, in its wholeness, is a voice from heaven. It is the unveiling of the world from which Jesus came and to which He passed. Genesis tells us of Eden; the Apocalypse tells us of heaven. Heaven transcends Eden just in the measure that Christ transcends Adam, and the councils of creation are eclipsed by the councils of grace. Between Eden and heaven lies this sorrowful and sinful pilgrimage. Man is ever fondly recalling his lost paradise, and the mission of the gospel is to transfer his aspiration to the heaven, which the God-man reveals. To "die in the Lord" was the end of those who had lived in the Lord. And it also means to die in possession of all that the Lord, by His incarnation and passion, has won for man, and then to pass up to live with Him. The question is not, "Has Christ given you the right to live with Him?" but "Have you gained the power?" Many an heir has been set aside from reigning from sheer want of power to rule. Have you the power to live with Christ, to bear His presence and the light of His life? It is simply a question of at-homeness. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord"—who have lived with him here, walked with Him, wrought for Him, whose life is a strenuous, steady self-conquest and self-government, till death itself is made the path to triumph, through Christ. There are multitudes of weary mortals, heathen and Christian, who long to die, that they may, at any rate, be free from their pain. But here we rise into another region—a region of intense conscious, joyous vitality; a region of intelligent, responsible, glorious activity; in which the dignity and grandeur of life remains, and only the burden and pain are laid down. Death is birth to the believer, and birth is ever blessed. Our life here is hidden, buried, beaten by storms, nipped by frost, drenched by floods. But it is thus that life grows hardy, its fibre tough, its stem strong. We shall see in heaven what this stern culture was worth. One gasp, one struggle, and the soul passes out into a sunlit, glorious freedom—the world of its homelike longing, where all is beautiful and glad—"at home with the Lord." They pass from a life of long pain to one of long bliss. All life's sad features vanish. They pass from relations and fellowships, which are ever changing here, to those which abide and enlarge and intensify throughout eternity. To love on earth is to suffer. Love enriches life unsearchably, but it also brings suffering. Blessed are they who are born into a world where the love and the relations of souls endure, unstrained, unstained forever. And then to see the face of Christ! There are those who, crushed on the rack or charred by the flame, have yet nestled themselves to sleep as sweetly as an infant on its mother's bosom, to awake in the everlasting presence of their Lord. Oh, the bliss "to see Him as He is!" And again they are blessed, for they are forever beyond the danger of all that might imperil the prize. On earth great doubt always rests on the future. If even St. Paul feared he might be a castaway, how can such an one as I endure? While we are in the world of sin we are always within the reach of apostasy and shame. Demas, on the very threshold and side by side with the great apostle, yet fell back into outer night! Then let us give thanks for the dear ones beyond all fear of shipwreck, home at last in that world which victorious love has barred against the Devil, and forever pure from any taint of sin—no sorrow there, nor tears, nor partings. Woman, my weepst thou? Whom seekest thou? He is not here, but risen. He awaits thee yonder. Press on, poor tempest-tossed pilgrim, press on! He has already entered the everlasting haven. He awaits to welcome thee on that blessed shore. "Who are these in bright array, This innumerable throng, Round the altar night and day, Tuning their triumphant song? Why is the Lamb once slain, Blessing a new and glorious name? Blessed are they whose power, Wisdom, riches to obtain, New dominion every hour." These through fiery trials trod, These from great afflictions came; Now before the throne of God, Soldiers with His eternal name; Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor palms in every hand, Through their great Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand. "Hunger, thirst, disease unknown; On immortal fruits they feed; Then the Lamb amidst the throng Shall to living fountains lead, Joy and gladness banish sighs; Perfect love dispels all fears; And forever from their eyes God shall wipe away all tears." The Tattlers' Association is doubtless a good enough little club for devotees to huff the leather. For our part, the Pennant-Winners' League seems about the right thing in the way of a gentlemen's organization. "Save Your Teeth!" reads a drug-ad sign on Richmond's grand old Main Street. The point is well taken. Personally, we have nothing but unmitigated contempt for the man who would throw away his teeth. It might have been a whole lot worse. Suppose the President of the United States had decided to stump the country in an aerodrome. If corporate affiliations are a bar to participation in the campaign, let us pause a moment and consider the case of George P. Sheldon.

Rhymes for To-Day. THE ASSAULT UPON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. [Mr. Taft made eighteen speeches on Friday.] THROUGH the length of this great nation, A stream of stump-orators Greater than dream dreamed of, thicker Than a brain-pan tumbled with licker: Over mountains, rivers, cities— Oh, it is a thousand pities! How this wordy torrent rises! Who would o' it were surprised? Were they all, I wonder, peaches? Noisy, angry, earnest, glowing, Lifting, swelling, growing—growing! See it hang on the horizon! 'Tis a daisy, and a daisy pizen: Dusky pall of oratory— Ah, you tell a gloomy story: How a statesman boldly plunders Helpless language for his thunders! (Mr. Taft made eighteen speeches: Well, I wonder what that teaches.) Language! Pause, while I give warning: You are most unsafe this morning: Hide at once, or you're undone, you! The Philistines are upon you! Dictionaries, to your covers! See a bold thief near you hovers! Grasp him, and an exhausting All the speech from here to Boston! (Mr. Taft made eighteen speeches: Hike, you words, beyond his reaches!) H. S. H. MERELY JOKING. Somewhat Mixed. Tommy, very sleepy, was saying his prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he began. "I pray the Lord my soul to keep." "If he hollers let him go, any, meny, minny, mol!"—Harper's Magazine. In 1910. They were looking up at the latest skyscraper. "But what are those things sticking out from the sides?" asked the upstart friend. "Those? Oh, those are mule polls," answered the New Yorker—Judge. And Have the Last Word, Too. He: "When we are married we must both think alike." She: "Yes, but I'll think first."—Town Topics. His Diploma. Johnny: "Going to school?" Tommy: "Naw, I don't have to; the candidate said he never seen a more intelligent audience and I was one of 'em."—New York Sun. Modern Economy. A prudent couple: "Jack, are you careful about your personal expenses these days?" "Yes, sir; I manage, with some effort, to make them balance my income to the exact cent."—Chicago Tribune. Did He Get the Cake? "Tommy," said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought." "Yes," replied Tommy; "ma told me something to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, and I bin here so long now I forgot what it was."—Philadelphia Press. THE SHORTLINE CYNICS. REPUBLICAN opinion seems to be settling strongly in the direction that it is about time for Hitchcock to cancel his connection with the photographists and appraise the seriousness of the situation.—Houston Post. Flowers may have memories, but as long as the corsage bouquet and the honey-suckle ring are worn, they will never forget it matter.—Louisville Courier-Journal. "My Dear Mr. A.: A representative United States Senator came to me to-day to make a loan of \$1,000. Do you want to make the investment?" "Well, well! I'll guarantee it." "I'll guarantee it," Moomaw replies with jest and sarcasm, so that all that I have to say for him is to suggest that he stick to poetry and leave economy alone. Mr. Thomas argues seriously, and is therefore, entitled to reply. First, That stockholders in national banks are liable as much in addition to their stock as their stock amounts to. This, he says, upon my theory, ought to carry all depositors to the national banks and leave the State banks without a cent of liability. But when compared with the whole. The stock of the Merchants' National Bank of Richmond is only \$200,000. If its deposits are nearly \$2,000,000. How far will \$200,000 go in securing \$2,000,000? Safely being equal, says Mr. Thomas, men will deposit where their inclinations lead them. That is undoubtedly true, and therefore it is, I say, that as under the guarantee plan deposits in all banks are equally safe, men would deposit in Coxey's bank rather than in Pierpont Morgan's, because Coxey would lend money on less stringent terms than Morgan and for less interest. Second, Mr. Thomas thinks we can keep the banking business passing from the Morgans to the Coxey's by inspection laws. I think not. If Coxey does not do bad banking. Inspection by bank examiners to determine the soundness of the borrower's credit is one thing. The question of the soundness of the bank's credit is another. In the first place bank examiners are usually political appointees and very few of them are competent. In the next place, they are presented to them, in the next place, the most competent of them cannot possibly deal with the subject. Third, if it is the responsibility of a man who has borrowed a bank's money. They are strangers in nine places out of ten. How is it possible for Mr. Thomas to judge of the value of the notes held by the National Bank of Charleston? The president and board of directors of that bank know all the people in the town and are always on the lookout for information about them, but even they get it wrong. Third, if I know anything of human nature, Mr. Thomas has wholly misjudged it. I say that if deposits are as safe in Coxey's bank as they are in Morgan's, Coxey's advertisements will lead on less stringent security than Morgan requires, and at less interest than Morgan charges. He will certainly get the business of the National Bank plan to keep Coxey to good banking by the inspection by bank examiners is as hopeless as it would be for him to try to establish a telephone to the moon. WM. L. ROYALL. September 24, 1908. In Yankee Land. [A reply to the parody on "In Old Kentucky." They have a blowgun nasal twang— In Yankee Land; A motley slash of Jack and slang— In Yankee Land; No manners there are all the go; The only sin is to be slow— In Yankee Land. The swell hotel is run for style— In Yankee Land; For brown baked beans you sink a pile— In Yankee Land; The waiters wear a coat for a tip, Enough to start an ocean trip— In Yankee Land. The autos are so very swift— In Yankee Land; You scarcely see the dust they lift— In Yankee Land; But you can hear their bloody wail— Can hear the mourner's useless wail— In Yankee Land. There is not time to treat you kind— In Yankee Land; But they can work you dead and blind— In Yankee Land; The poor they grind the rich own life, And each man takes his neighbor's— In Yankee Land. D. C. MACBRIDE.

STATE PRESS. Theodore Roosevelt's Terrible. Precisely. Mr. Roosevelt has exposed himself. He is a Republican, an intense partisan and one of the shrewdest politicians that this country has produced. He is exerting the full power of his influence as man and President to elect William H. Taft. His administration may have increased and that of his policies may be continued. He has determined to name and elect his own successor who shall occupy the Executive chair until such time as he may see fit to return and take possession. Theodore Roosevelt has no idea of leaving the Presidency. He proposes merely to take a vacation, and he designs that his personal representative, William H. Taft, shall have and hold during the interregnum—Newport News Times-Herald. Theodore the Juggler. On the other hand, an honorable man never accuses another unless prepared with proof undisputed. In this case the weight of the testimony in favor of Haskell and against his accusers. By omitting to attempt to sustain his charge of bribery and trying to sustain it by the evidence of Haskell in dealing with State Affairs, Mr. Roosevelt gives the impression of attacking the President and not the man. The Standard Oil trust on Rockefeller and Aldrich, and the known cooperation of practically all of the Republican leaders—Lynchburg Advance. Theodore in Italy. Governor Haskell's letter certainly puts the issue between him and these charges on Mr. Roosevelt and his friend Hearst. Arcades ambo in the slimy air. Until they come to the aid of the Democratic National Committee and Mr. Bryan should stand by Governor Haskell, and give no countenance to the clamor that he should be eliminated from the campaign merely because he has been made the target of the shafts of the enemy and exposed to the public object of suspicion.—Petersburg Index-Appal. Theodore the Mexican. Now the President is trying to force his nominees upon the country by the same steam-roller method. He bellows forth his commands from the executive chambers as if he were Diaz dealing with Mexico. Instead of a constitutional President dealing with a free people. In our opinion, Roosevelt is not helping Taft, but hurting him. The people of the United States are not yet ready to Mexicanize this government.—Winchester Star. Theodore the Magnificent. The President was effusive in his apology, but said to Mr. Kuran, the gentleman who has been charged with the knowledge I can't make a public apology. We don't suppose Mr. Kuran knew anything of the President of the United States to make public acknowledgment of a mistake of this kind. It is not a mistake that must be elevated to do right—Staunton Dispatch-News. Theodore the Sanitized. And yet this Theodore Roosevelt poses as a saintly leader of a sainted band before the American people, whose franchises he has taken from the hands of the people. Mr. Taft, from the manner of man he is, Theodore Roosevelt is the most dangerous politician of the American Republic to-day—more dangerous by far than the power the Roman conspirators saw in the ambitions of Julius Caesar.—Staunton Leader. Theodore the Ancestor. The President and the hands of one man, and we will have the worst form of monarchy. A rough rider will soon override all constitutional limitations, our government will cease to be a republican form of government, and the liberty of the people will be a thing of the past.—Shenandoah Herald. Voice of the People. Mr. Royall's Reply. Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Messrs. B. C. Moomaw and A. F. Thomas have replied to my views on guaranteeing the deposits of national banks with jests and sarcasm, so that all that I have to say for him is to suggest that he stick to poetry and leave economy alone. Mr. Thomas argues seriously, and is therefore, entitled to reply. 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EDISON Portland Cement. Government Standard: 75% must pass through a sieve with 40,000 Meshes to the Square Inch. Edison Requirement: not 75%, but 85%—10% more—must pass through the same sieve. 10% Finer Cement means 10% More Concrete at Same Cost for Cement. Made of tested materials, scientifically proportioned, perfectly burned and ground to the fineness of flour. Ask your dealer why and how, or send direct to us for free booklet. Manufactured only by the Edison Portland Cement Company, St. James Building, New York City. SOLD BY BALDWIN & BROWN, Inc. Richmond, Va. Building Materials, Terra Cotta Brick, Pipe, Etc.

The Courts of Europe. By La Marquise de Fontenay.

The Court as a Hospital Hero. HOLERA has been regarded in these modern times as the battlefield of Old World monarchs. The latter have very rarely nowadays the occasion of displaying their bravery under fire, for the possibility of their capture or of their being killed by some stray projectile constitutes so great a political and dynastic handicap to the fortunes of their army that their presence at the front is always discouraged and even opposed. They have an opportunity, however, of displaying their pluck in times of pestilence and epidemics, such as those of Asiatic cholera, when the visit to the hospitals brings comfort to the dying, cheer to the sick, and much-needed encouragement to the doctors and nurses. It may be expected, therefore, that as soon as ever Nicholas II. returns from his yachting cruise with the Empress and his children in the Gulf of Genoa, he will be called upon to visit the various hospitals at St. Petersburg, which are now overflowing with cholera-stricken patients, and where his presence will go far to allay the panic. His consort is at present in too frail health to accompany him, but it is certain that his mother, the widow Empress, will make with him the rounds of the various hospitals in the same way that she did with her son on the occasion of the great epidemic of cholera in Constantinople during the reign of Alexander III. The present King of Italy and his predecessor, King Humbert, distinguished themselves in this fashion, notably at Naples, to which city both one and the other hastened as soon as the epidemic broke out. The Empress, it is said, will visit the hospitals there. Queen Marie Amelie's regardlessness of danger in this respect has been manifested on several occasions, not only on the occasion of the visitations of cholera, but also when the Asiatic plague made its appearance in the East. She has not only visited the hospitals, but also traveled to Lyons, to Amiens, and to other cities where cholera was raging, in order to bring comfort to the dying and courage to their medical attendants during the great epidemic of this dreaded Oriental pestilence, now on its wane. As these that royalty has its best use, and may be said to justify the existence of the monarchic system in the eyes of the latter's foes. Lord Milner is now on this side of the Atlantic, having arrived in New York by way of Canada. He proposes to spend a couple of months before returning home via the United States. He is a very remarkable man, who by dint of his own energy, has raised himself from the position of a subordinate member of the editorial staff of the Order of the Bath. Only a little over fifty years old, still in the prime of life, this able administrator, who was Lord Cromer, and who has since been High Commissioner of Egypt and who as Lord High Commissioner of South Africa contributed more than any one else to bring about the annexation of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State to the British empire, thus converting all South Africa into a British dependency, is fast becoming one of the end of his career, and may be relied upon, especially when the Conservative Party is in power, to hold either high cabinet office, or some great satrapy, such as the Viceroyalty of India, or possibly the Governor-Generalship of Canada. He is unmarried, a German birth, and in the opinion of the late Lord Goschen, of the late Mr. Gladstone and of the late Mr. Balfour, is the ablest financial officer of his day, being responsible for quite a number of the budgets presented by his chiefs, the Secretaries of the Exchequer, to Parliament. Prince Louis of Bourbon, whose engagement to Princess Marie de Naples, has just been announced, will be remembered in the United States as having spent the summer and fall of this country just four years ago, on which occasion he was extensively entertained in New York, Newport, Genoa, and other leading cities. Prince Louis was born at Petropolis, near Rio Janeiro, as second son of the crown prince of Brazil, and

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